

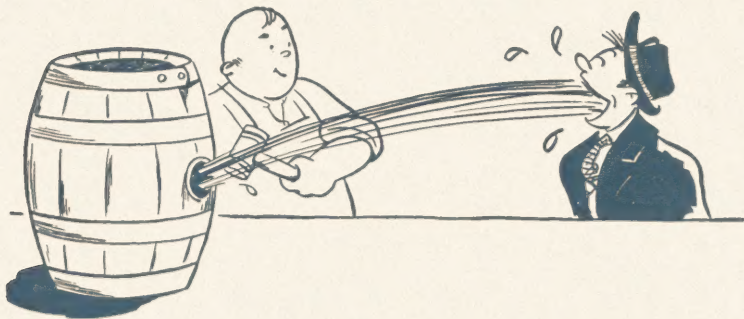
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SMOKEHOUSE

MONTHLY

















































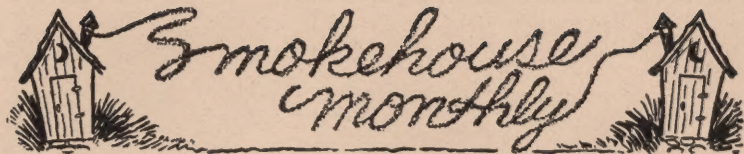
LET THE BUNGS START'ER



And We'll Do the Rest!

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*A Mirthful Melange of Humor and Verse
For Scallawags, Guzzlers, Rounders -- and Worse*

**TIMES ARE STILL SO TOUGH
IN THE TWIN CITIES THAT
MANY AN EMPLOYER WON'T
HIRE A STENOGRAPHER UN-
LESS SHE GETS RIGHT DOWN
ON HIS KNEES AND BEGS.**

Vol. 13

December, 1935

No. 96

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"Pardon me, I missed the button."



1st Chorine—"Who th' heck is putting on this show, anyway?"



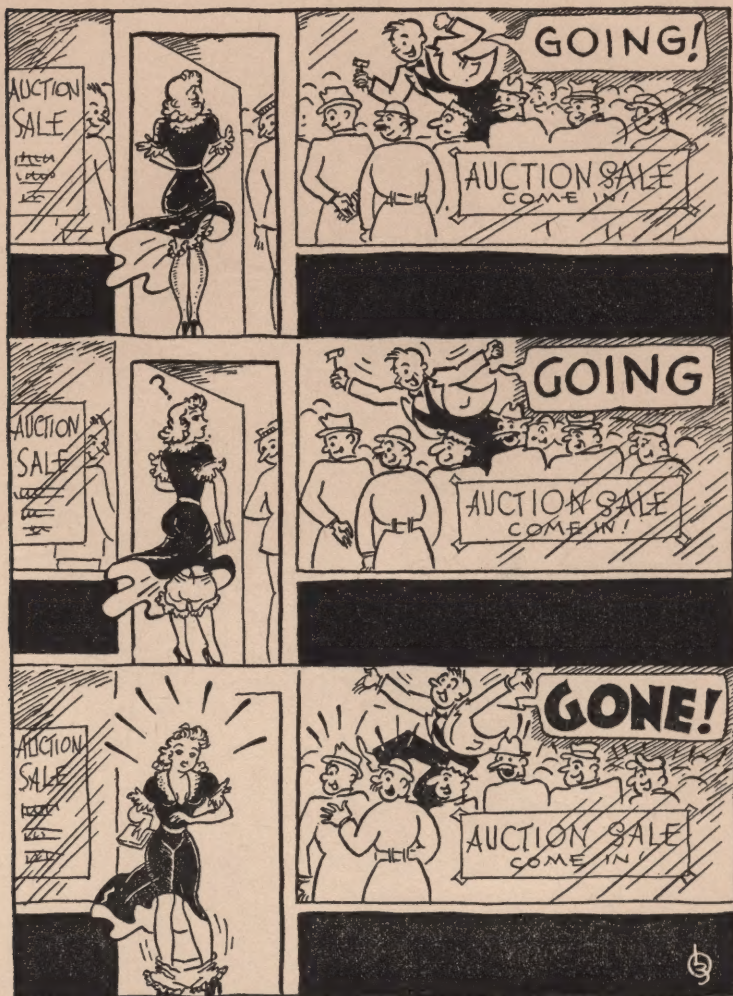
"Okay, Miss Kollsky—you will consider yourself back in the corsets!"



"Those are too plain—can you show me something with a nice figure in it?"



"I came to see about getting a baby."





The original traveling bag.



Census Taker—"What profession do you follow, sir?"



“Panhandler yourself!”



"Have you been in town long, dearie?"

"Oh, my, yes—I've lived here for twenty odd years."

* * *



"Just keep on the way you're goin', young feller, an' you'll git there all right."



"The young man
who called last night
made a deep impres-
sion on me."

"Yes, ma'am—Ah
see it on your neck."



Joosh Josh

MAMA and papa Goldfarb argued long and loud before they finally agreed to let their daughter, Becky, train to become a circus acrobat. They consented only after Becky had promised to be home early each day from the gymnasium where she practiced with other members of the troupe.

But she came home late one evening and her mother met her at the door.

"Vot kept you so late, Becky?" she questioned sharply.

"Vell," replied the daughter, "ve were reher-sink a new flip-flop and de leader and I stayed a leetle late to get it down pat."

"Oi, I nefer heard of soch a t'ing!" exclaimed the frantic mother. "I'll . . ."

"Oh, let her alone," the father growled from the top of the stairs. "Id vill amound to noddink Her act vill be a flop anyway."

Nursie Is Full of Tricks

MRS. HORACE WATERS was visiting with her neighbor, Mrs. Nertz, the other day over the back fence. The conversation began this way:

"My, my, you're looking mighty tired these days," commented Mrs. Waters.

"Well, it's this way," explained Mrs. Nertz. "You see, the old man is sick and I have to keep an eye on him all night."

"But I thought you had a trained nurse for him."

"Sure, I have," retorted Mrs. Nertz. "That's why I have to keep an eye on him."

* * *

Breaking the News

THEY had been married just six months.

"Jack dear," she murmured, "I hardly know how to tell you, but soon . . . soon . . . there will be a third in our little love-nest."

"My darling," he cried, "are you certain?"

"Positive—I had a letter from mother this afternoon saying she would arrive next week."

Smot Crack

DAVID COPPAFEEL was watching a fat Minneapolis woman bending over in an effort to pick up a parcel she had dropped on the sidewalk.

"Some can . . ."

The fat woman straightened up quickly. "What was the wise crack?"

David smiled. "And some can't," he answered innocently.

* * *

And the Ocean Waves Rolled On

JONES and his bride were taking an ocean voyage for their honeymoon, and the bride was pretty much the worse for seasickness.

"I'm sorry you feel so badly, dear," said Jones. "Shall I tell the steward to bring your lunch to you here on deck?"

"No," murmured the bride, "just tell him to throw it right overboard. That will save time and trouble."

* * *

Gone to the Dogs!

AFRENCH woman once owned a pedigreed poodle named Napoleon. She was very fond of the dog, but in need of money, decided that she

must sell him. A prospective customer called to look at the pooch, and Napoleon stood on his hind legs, rolled over, played dead and otherwise strutted his stuff.

"Is that not magnifique?" his owner boasted. "But that is not all. See—I place this dollar and a note to the grocer in a basket, he takes the basket in his mouth, and in five minutes he returns with the basket full of groceries."

But Napoleon did not return in five minutes, nor in twenty-five minutes. After half an hour, his owner became worried, looked out the window—and saw Napoleon across the street making violent love to a little lady dog.

"Mon dieu!" she cried. "I am desolate! I never knew my Napoleon to spend his money on ze women before!"

* * *

Behind the Times

AN eastern flapper was driving alone to the Pacific Coast when her automobile broke down in the wilds of the cattle country. Pretty soon a rough-looking cowboy came riding along.

"Car busted, hey?" he asked, and she admitted this was the case.

"Waal," he said, "it looks like you was in for a tough time. Do you know what we do to pretty gals out in this neck of the woods? We kiss 'em!"

"My gawd!" said the flapper. "You certainly are old-fashioned."

* * *

Bedtime Story

THE much-discussed Twish divorce suit was under way, and the courtroom was crowded with eager listeners.

Joe Twish was first to take the stand.

"I charge extreme cruelty," he declared. "My wife eats crackers in bed!"

A great murmur of sympathy arose from the assembled throng and it looked as though he had won the case then and there.

"What have you to say to this grievous charge?" demanded the judge of pretty Mrs. Twish.

"Plenty," she snapped. "Eating the crackers was a mere nothing. I found a pin in the bed!"

"A pin?" queried his honor. "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"But it was a sorority pin, and I never belonged to a sorority," she said.

She was granted the decree without further argument.

Bughouse Fable

IT so happened that on this particular evening six lady inmates of an insane asylum were gathered in a sewing circle. And as the nutty damsels sewed with imaginary needles, one of them suddenly spoke.

“You know what I wish?” she cried. “Well, I’ll tell you what I wish. I wish Clark Gable would visit me here. I wish he’d take me in his arms! I wish he’d smother me with hugs, and take my breath away with squeezes! I wish he’d shower me with kisses! That’s what I wish!”

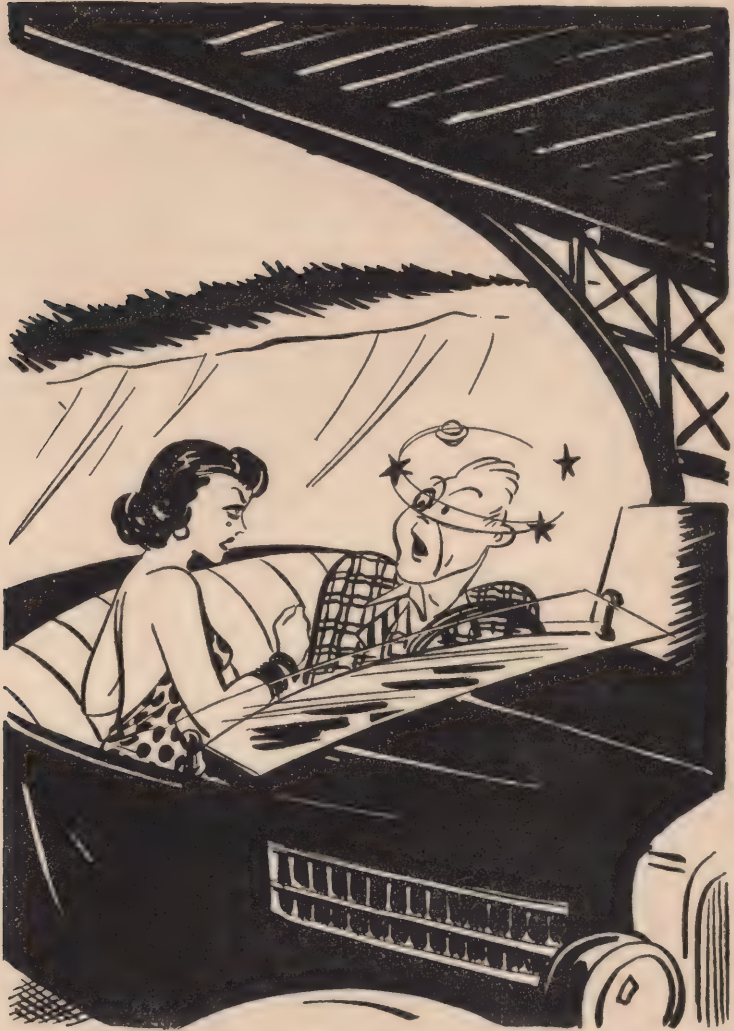
Her emotions got the better of her at that point. So she arose and left the sewing circle abruptly. One of the other inmates gazed after her.

“You know, girls,” she observed, “that Mrs. Ginsberg isn’t going to be with us long.”

“Why not?” asked another nut.

The first one closed her eyes.

“Because,” she sighed, “she’s not so crazy!”



Another bridge expert who didn't play his cards right.



Gal—"Oh, Sultan dear, they say that shovel can do the work of a thousand men!"

Sultan—"But I bet it can't keep it up!"

* * *

Smokehouse Daffynition

Sugar Daddy: A fellow with plenty of dough who is engaged to every gal in town and who always likes to keep his engagements.



He—"When I'm with you, my dear, I forget everything."

She—"Yeah, well, I'll take the fur coat first."

**And "Slim" Pickens says his
new girl is a horse-trader's daugh-
ter; a PONY of rye, a couple of
HORSE'S NECKS, a gin-BUCK,
and she's OFF TO THE RACES.**

* * *

**Never try to
mix business
with pleasure,
says Oma Nertz,
unless the boss
means business.**

**When Lot's wife
looked back she turn-
ed into a pillar of salt,
but when the modern
girl looks around she
gets a ride and turns
into a lane.**



"I hadda do something, stranger—it's the only tree within fifty miles."



"Poppa, what is that?"

"That, mine son, is a cutter."

"I know, poppa, but what is he riding in?"

Tear Jerker

SORE as a boil
Was Hubby Klink
When he found the grocer
Under the sink;
But he raved and swore
Even louder,
When he found the ice
Tongs in the chowder;
But the butcher then worried
Him even thinner
When he gave his wife
A little veal for dinner.

* * *

Nothing Off Color

Sparerib Johnson was applying for a job at Relief Headquarters.

"Have you ever done any house wrecking?" asked the man in charge of employment.

"Lawsy, no!" denied Sparerib. "Nuthin' lak dat, boss. Ah'se a respectable married man, Ah is!"

Mark Hellinger Special

It took place in one of the popular Broadway sandwich shops the other morning. The girl seemed disgusted, and her escort made no attempt at conversation. As a matter of fact he paid little attention to her. He was busily occupied in brushing away a fly that persisted in coming back and annoying him.

Finally his patience gave out.

"Doggone it!" he cried at last. "That fly is driving me nuts. Why does it keep flying around me?"

The girl shook her head wearily.

"Maybe," she suggested, "it thinks you're dead!"

* * *

Bottoms Up!

Drink up, drink up, little star,

Crook your elbow on the bar,

One more shot and then we'll mope,

You filled with booze, and me with
hope!

* * *

Horace Waters claims that when he visited in New York this summer he met a waitress in a waterfront restaurant who was very superstitious—she was always tossing a little salt over her shoulder.



“Yes, this is suite sixteen.”

* * *

And Horace Waters says that a hotel clerk isn't necessarily a rum hound just because he makes a “Rye” face every time someone registers by the name of Mr. and Mrs. “Paul Jones.”

He Liked His Daily

A group of traveling men were discussing the pet names they had for their wives.

"I call mine Compass," said the first, "because I like to box her around, and she has such good points."

"I call mine Crystal," stated the second, "because she's always on the watch."

"Well," sighed the third, "I call mine Daily, because if I didn't she'd get suspicious."

* * *

March of Time

Slap M. McCann was picked up on a Minneapolis street the other day for being drunk. The next morning his lawyer consulted him.

"How long is it going to take us to get through with this case?" Slap inquired.

"Well," said the lawyer, "about forty-five minutes for me and about ten days for you."



The girl who knew how to make a figure rate.

Mark Hellinger Tells This One

"A certain Mr. Lapidus went to the Art Gallery of a New York museum for the first time in his life. As he strolled along, an attendant walked with him to point out and identify the different pictures.

"Lapidus stopped in front of a painting of a small boy and gazed at it admiringly.

" 'Dot,' he remarked, 'is werry nice.'

"The attendant nodded.

" 'That,' he explained, 'is a Whistler.'

"Lapidus regarded the man blankly, shook his head and moved on. He paused again before another painting of a small boy.

" 'Dot,' he remarked a second time, 'is werry nice.'

" 'Yes,' said the attendant. 'That's a Whistler, too.'

"Lapidus seemed about to say something, but changed his mind and moved on. This time he stopped in front of the painting of a small girl. He turned and regarded the attendant quizzically.

" 'And vot is dis?' he challenged sarcastically. 'A piccolo player?' "

* * *

Lost By a Lap

Boss—"I had to fire the secretary I hired this morning."

Assistant—"That's too bad. Didn't she have any experience?"

Boss—"None at all. I told her to sit down and she looked around for a chair."



"Oh, Ferdie, come here quick!"

Boudoir Bushwah

A COUPLE of old maids had been accustomed to sleeping together for years and only recently decided to change to separate quarters.

Accordingly, one moved to the front bedroom, and the other to the back bedroom. All went fine until a break came in their routine; Mehitabelle failed to show up for breakfast.

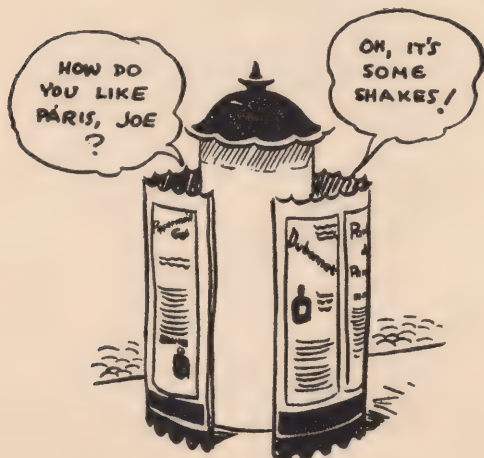
Much worried, her friend, Agatha, went to her bedroom and found Mehitabelle lying on the bed in a sort of daze.

"A noise—there was a noise under the bed last night!" Mehitabelle gasped. "A noise as of someone breathing."

"Man alive!" cried Agatha.

"And how!" sighed Mehitabelle happily.

* * *





"Congratulations, Bill, I wanna give you some pointers!"

Red Lyte, who is getting to be quite a bookworm, asked the fortune-telling chambermaid down at a Minneapolis hotel the other day if she ever read anything by Chambers, and the chambermaid replied: "No, only by teacups!"



The Saving Grace

PRETTY eighteen-year-old Colleen had come home—sad, penitent, and begging shelter—with a bouncing baby boy in her arms.

“Pat!” yelled Mrs. Murphy from the back door where her daughter had rapped timidly, “Come ’ere an’ see phat our good-f’r-nuthin’ gur-rl has brought home to us! Faith, an’ Oi don’t belave we ought to let the huzzy in at all, at all!”

Pat ambled back from the front room stuffing his pipe. Mrs. Murphy stood uncompromisingly in the doorway, arms akimbo, and blocking the opening completely with her ample form. Over her shoulder Pat observed the sobbing girl, and the round, laughing face of the unperturbed baby.

“F’r the love uv Hiven, Maggy,” he said, striking a match on the wall, “let her in wid the little rid-hidded darlin’—sure, an’ he’s a thrue son of errin’!”



Why Deacons Turn Grey

Please say, "You do,"
The Parson said to Miss Munce;
And the dumb dora replied:
"Let me see—well, just once!"

Dumb-bell Exercises

The gal I like
Is Hazel Dee;
She gets ready for gym
Then calls up me.

Warning

Never go necking
With Katie De Vace;
She gives you a free hand
Then slaps your face.

Ship Ahoy!

Skipper on the "Rabbi"
Is Captain Jack Nipper;
He was pilot of a whaler
Till they swapped it for a clipper.

**Smokehouse
Simile**

As happy as
the old maid
by the name
of Cobb
who stepped
out with the
absent-minded
corn husker.



Miss Georgie Blancy parked her car in a bus zone in front of the Acme Beer Garden Saturday night and was jagged in less time than it takes to tell it. State Highway Officer John G. Brounley was the man who did his duty as he saw it.

—Fells, Nev., Tribune.

✻ ✻ ✻

Jim Cranell and Miss Alice Boother missed an hour's dancing at Grand Lake Saturday night when their car broke down enroute. The trouble was traced to the ignition and attributed to a worn-out coil.

—Dearborn, Kans., Press.

Questioned about the mysterious young couple who registered at the Wayside Inn Wednesday, John Billings, proprietor, said he couldn't be sure about the young man but he thought the young lady had only an over-night bug.

—Freeman, Idaho, News.

Led With Her Left

Mr. Barnham stated that he was walking to town when the young woman stopped her roadster and called to him to inquire about the detour. Later she gave him a left.

—Blessing, Pa., Tribune.

* * *

Hold Everything In Sight!

Jack Rennault spent an hour or so in the city recently watching them slip those great big girdles into place at Prescott's new department store.

—Fellmore, Ariz., News.

* * *

Old Softies!

Miss Lizzie Torcher has opened a soft drunk parlor on West Main Street, next to the pool hall.

—Marytown, Mo., Press.

* * *

Wot A Bender!

Miss Dora Tilsen suffered a sprained ankle Tuesday evening in descending the back stairs with a five-gallon jag.

—Mission, N. J., News.

* * *

Bert Was Simply No Necker

On testimony of Dollie Torbie in Judge Dell's court Thursday, Bert Magnus, who gave her a lift in his car, was convicted of neckless driving.

—Torrento, Texas, Press.

* * *

Rand-McNally Special

After a week's deliberation and comparison, Prof. Jones announced Miss Gloria Dorm the winner for the most perfect lap in the geography class.

—New Belford, Me., Record.

* * *

New Deal

Speaking before the Ladies' Auxiliary, Miss Dolling advocated two hubbies—one a pleasant household duty, the other an equally pleasant outside interest.

—Markham, Ia., News.



"Well, did you have a good time, Marge?"

"Good time? Bah! The dumb cluck never even took off his mittens!"

Little Nina Day says
it's a great life after
you pass a give-in
point.

* * *

Last year for Thanksgiving Horace Waters said he had a turkey stuffed with chestnuts for dinner. This year he says things are so tough he'll be lucky if he has a chestnut stuffed with turkey.

* * *

He's Been There A Week, No Wonder!

We just received a letter from Harry Chinn who is spending his honeymoon up in Superior National Forest with Lotta Tocas. He states that they have a nice cabin in the woods right near the border. "I have a lake in front," he postcards, "and a creek in the back!"



Sir Inge is going with an organ grinder's daughter now, and "Slim" Pickens says that judging from the monkeys she has on the string it must be a pretty easy grind at that.

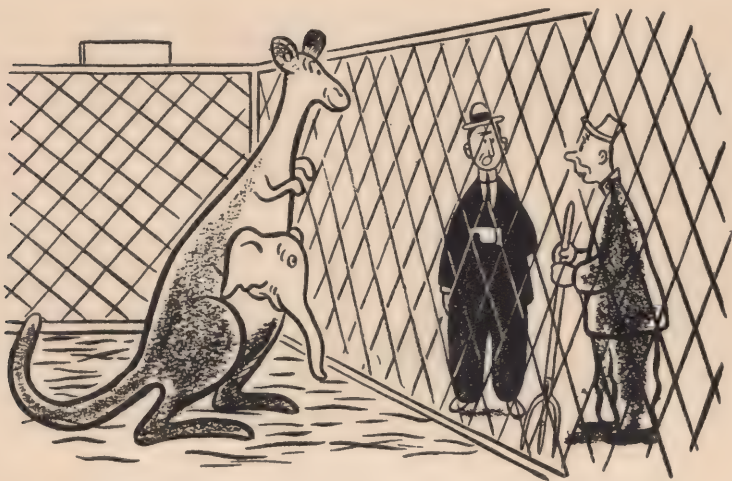
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I call my girl "Odessa,"
And she really does have "it";
And when I ask for necking
She says, "Odessa little bit!"

* * *

Wardrobe Mistress of Harem—"Sire, your wives all want brassieres for Christmas."

King Solly—"No, no, two thousand times no!"

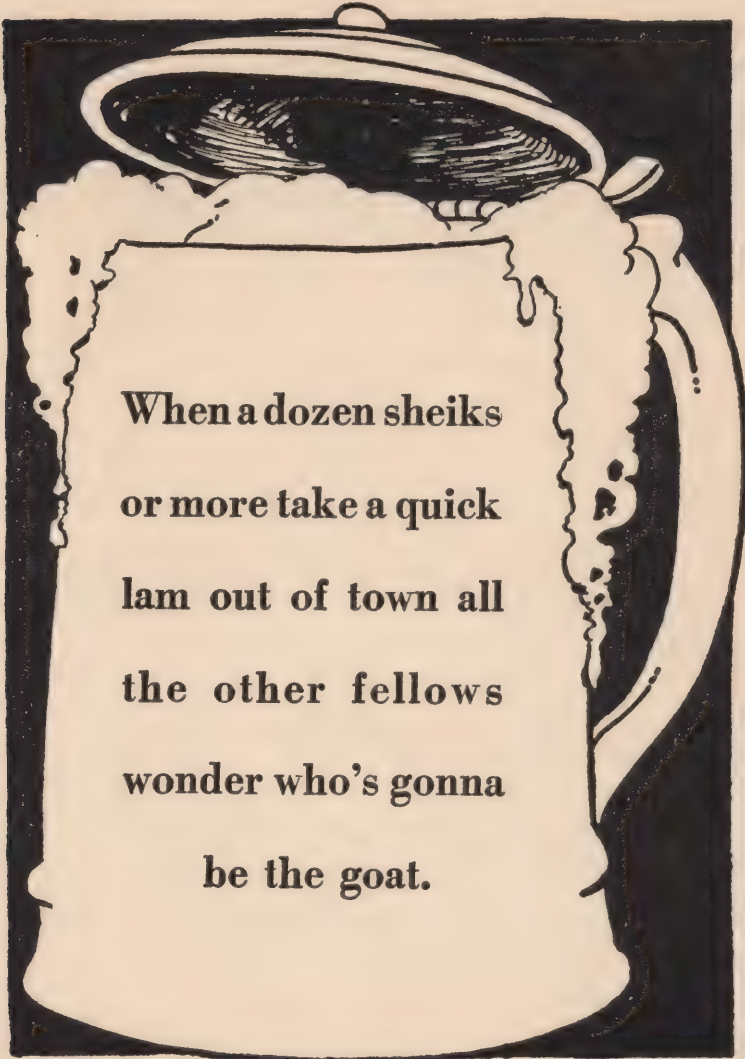


“How long has this been going on?”

* * *

The Boss's Soliloquy

MY STENO RESIGNED,
HER NAME WAS LIL;
YES, SHE RESIGNED
OF HER OWN FREE WILL;
NOW, I'M AS HAPPY
AS CAN BE;
SHE RESIGNED HERSELF,
YOU SEE, TO ME.



When a dozen sheiks
or more take a quick
lam out of town all
the other fellows
wonder who's gonna
be the goat.

A Barfly's Pledge

By L. B. McNicol

OH, there never was anyone born since creation
From Genesis all the way down to Repeal
Who suffered as much with a lousy hangover
Or ever felt one-half as bad as I feel!
The Christians whom Nero, in long-ago ages,
Tossed in to the lions or burned at the stake,
Were having a picnic compared with the suffering
I go through, whenever a few drinks I take.
My head always feels like Babe Ruth in his heyday
Had socked it clear over the centerfield fence,
And then fires of hell never blazed half as hot as
The one in my tummy—nor half as intense.
You speak of a man being boiled in a caldron
Of bubbling oil, and you think that that's bad—
But, brother, I'd laugh right out loud if I woke up
Next morning, and THAT'S all the suffering I had.
No one will EVER know what I go through with,
No one can even IMAGINE how sunk
And how utterly wretched and rotten and awful
And LOUSY I feel, when I've been on a drunk.
It just isn't worth it. God never intended
That one of his children should suffer this sort
Of torture. And that's why I'm swearing off, brother,
FOREVER . . . as soon as I finish this quart!

Questions and Answers



Dear Editor—Why is a guy dancing with someone else's wife like a mortgage? —*Sir Inge*

Because you usually have a fairly good hold on someone else's property.

* * *

Dear Editor—Didja ever hear the story about the plumber who got married? —*Marty O'Toole*

No. Did he forget anything?

* * *

Dear Editor—Is it true that Pie-eyed Pete is a problem child? —*Hassen Enny*

Yeah, when his dad and ma got married everyone put two and two together.



“Just to prove to you, dear, that I’m still at the office I’ll call my secretary and have her speak to you.”

* * *

From the Smokehouse Dictionary

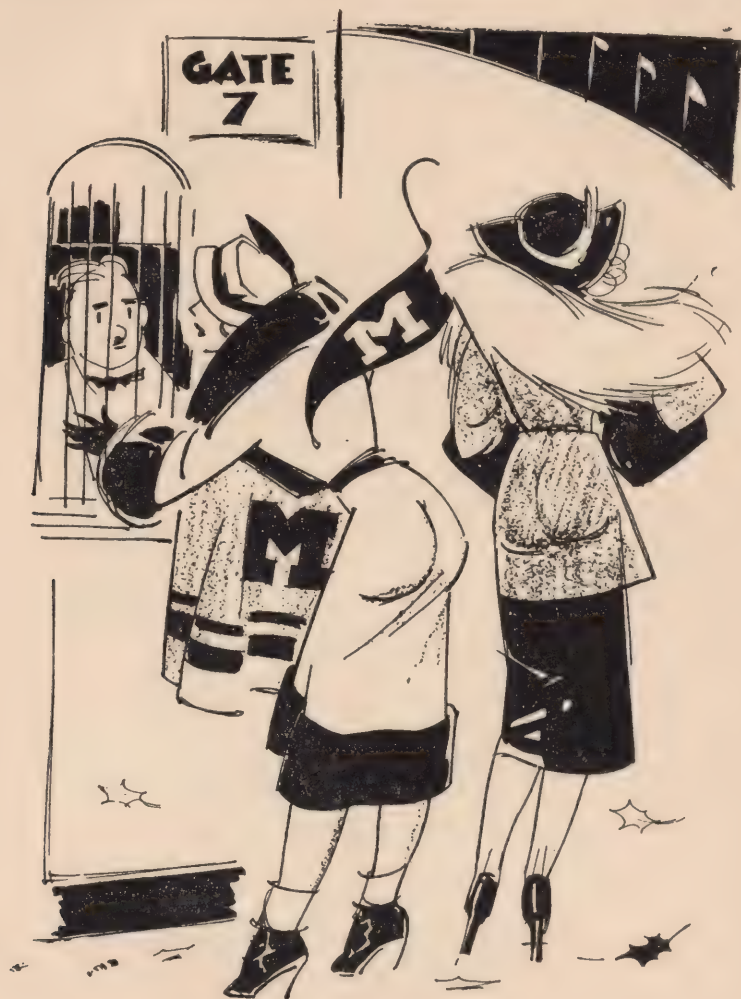
(FANNY)—Twin Cities

* * *

That Iceman Again, Eh?

It was just six a. m. when Norah, the cook, accidentally let a man slip out of her hands in the kitchen and the loud bang woke her mistress up out of a sound sleep.

—From a serial in the Nankin, Pa., Press.



Football Fans



Maid—"Excuse me for kibitzing, but you'd better jump that way."

* * *

EPITAPH

This rubber man from the circus,
Has gone to a better place, sir;
His wife whacked off his big toe
To use for an eraser.

He Promised To Be Good!



Mert—"Did you find out why that strange man was hiding in your clothes closet last night?"

Gert—"Yes, I made him come out and give a good account of himself."

* * *

Dirty Dig

Mrs. Wileton says that Miss Grobe, her new boarder, is just like one of the family—she is practically no bather at all.

—Pittsville, Pa., Press.

* * *

Jim—"What's the difference between a wall bed and twin beds?"

Jam—"You take a wall bed down from the wall and put it on the floor. You take a twin bed down and put it in the basement."



"Goodness, that beer certainly turned my stomach!"

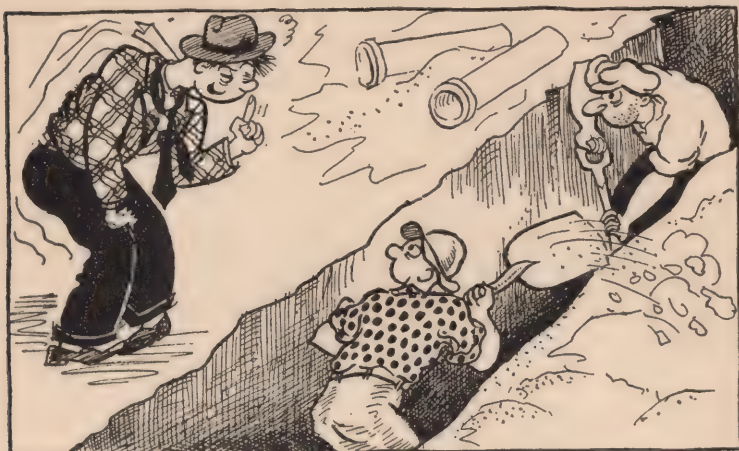
Nothing Much to Brag About

MOSE GOLDFARB, the well-known theatrical booking agent, was bragging modestly before the actor at his desk.

"See dot fella over there," Mose said, pointing to the reception room where a number of theatrical people were patiently sitting. "Dot fella on the endt, I mean. Ven I took him in hand, he vos nodding but a ham! Now, he's a star—I made him vot he iss today. And dot's his vife mit him—anudder phenuminal star dot I brut oudt—I made her vot she iss today!"

"Isn't that their son with them?" queried the actor.

"Yeah," grunted Mose, "but he's not so goot. Anodder agent iss managin' him."



Drunk—"Shay, whatsha doin' here?"

Ditchdigger—"We're building a subway."

Drunk—"When ya' gonna have it finished?"

Digger—"In about two weeks."

Drunk—"Aw, nutsh to it—I'll take a taxshi!"

* * *

Call the Doctor!

Bella—"Someone told me yesterday that your sweetheart is sick. How is he getting along?"

Stella—"Well, he was doing grand until last night. We went for a drive about eight o'clock and when he came to a dark side road he suddenly took a turn for the worse."



¶ Strange as it may seem, when the boy friend runs out of gas on a lonely road, he usually gets along faster.

* * *

¶ You can't blame a vegetarian for getting mad when he comes home and finds his wife making a big stew.

* * *

¶ The honeymoon is over when the ice man takes the ice card out of the window and puts in a "don't disturb" sign.

SMOKEHOUSE MONTHLY

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933

OF SMOKEHOUSE MONTHLY published monthly at Minneapolis, Minn., for October 1, 1935.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Hennepin—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Smokehouse Monthly and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Editor, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Managing Editor, D. E. Lurton, Minneapolis, Minn.; Business Manager, W. M. Cotton, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Popular Magazines Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(SIGNED) W. M. Cotton,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1935.

(SEAL)

Ether V. Mausel.

(My commission expires May 7, 1941.)

Slap M. McCann says Axel Griese is a lucky hombre. He's been going with a horse trader's daughter for six months and the other day her old man corraled someone else.

* * *

From One to Another

Statement of a new patient forwarded by D. A. S., Manitoba

"I was doctorin' with a doctor, but he's too fur away, so lately I've been nursin' with a nurse what lives nearer."

Yours sincerely,

* * *

Got His Dates Mixed

They were on their way home from a big party, and he was slightly soused—just soused enough to start acting fresh with her.

"In case you don't know it," she said indignantly, "you brought a lady to this party with you."

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "won't she be mad when she finds out I'm taking you home?"



The magician's wife presents him with a baby boy.

Sing, Sinner, Sing!

From 'way down South comes the story about the colored girl who was being baptized in the river. The Deacon had just submerged her for the third time. She came up gurgling and gasping for breath. The Deacon's assistant exhorted her to speak up and tell the congregation what she believed.

"Come; Mandy, you've done bin saved," he prodded, "now tell all de rest of dese here folks jes' whut yo' believe."

"Yassah, Ah knows Ah bin saved," the colored girl replied as she gasped for air; "but ef yo' wants to know whut Ah believe, Ah'll tell yo'—Ah do believe dat crazy Deacon wuz tryin' to DROWN me!"

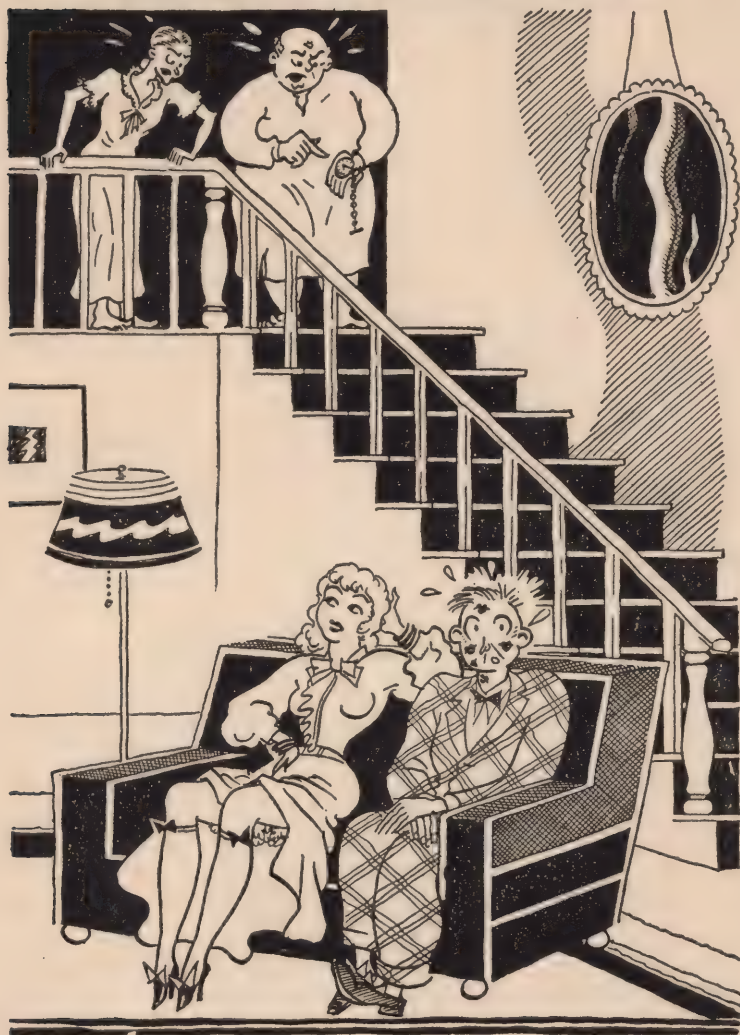
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And It Wasn't Amateur Night, Either!

"Here, Jimmy," said the swain to his sweetie's kid brother whom they had just discovered behind the sofa, "do you want a quarter for the show?"

"Heck, no," retorted the youngster making for the door, "I've seen it."

Golf Term Illustrated



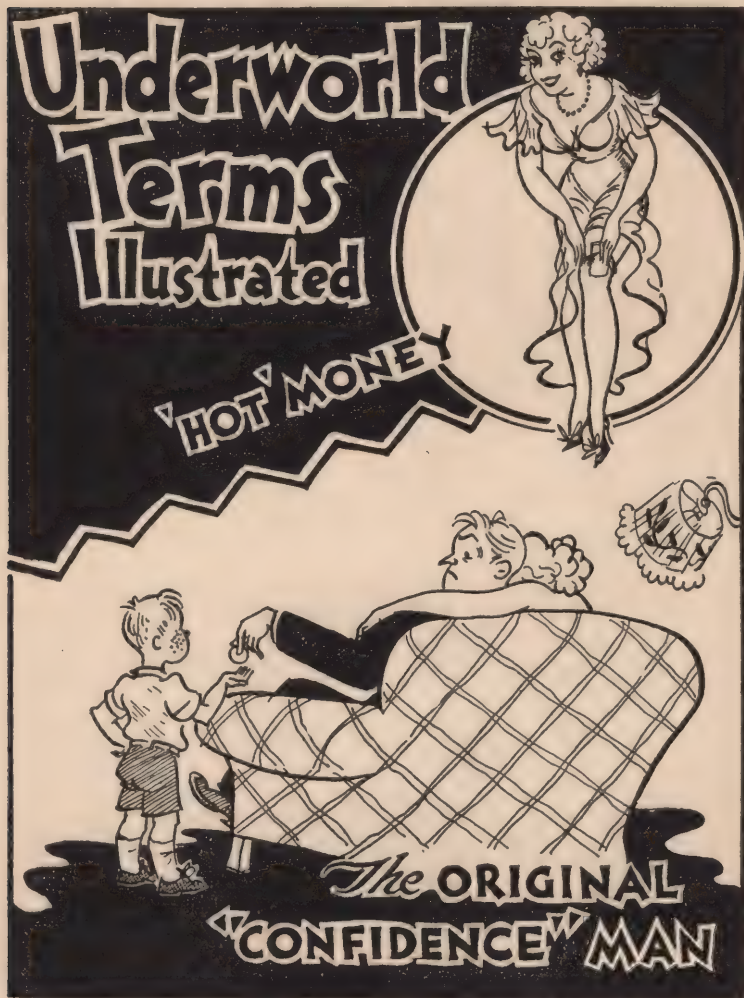
Two up and one to go.

That's The Old Spirit!



Matilda—"That fellow upstairs claims that he makes much better drinks than we do, Emma. Do you think so?"

Emma—"Oh, yeah! Well, if he ever saw our 'Old Fashioneds' he'd throw that old shaker of his out of the window!"





Gal—"Say, what's the idea? I can't eat these free tickets. I'm hungry. I want bread, not passes!"

Actor—"Oh, yeah! Well, if you want bread, go kiss a baker! I'm an actor—I give PASSES!"

* * *

Lotta Hooey, Too

Mabel—"Those two fellows you and Margie go out with who perform such clever parlor tricks—do they show you a good time?"

Agnes—"Yeah, but we have to put up with a lot of hocus-pocus."

Harlem Highlight

Liza—"Mah man's suttinly one of dem cafeteria kissers ef dere eber was one."

Mandy—"Yeah, Ah knows dem kind—everything within reach, jes' help yo'self."

* * *

From the Smokehouse Etiquette Book

It's perfectly okeh to keep company with a livery-stableman's daughter providing he doesn't come in unexpectedly and trot out a Colt.

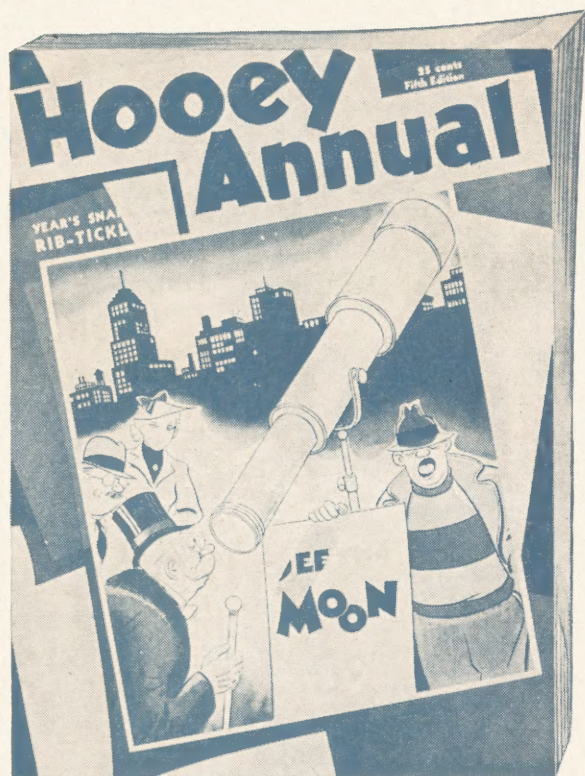
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